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SECOND LETTER TO THE BROOKLYN BIBLE SOCIETY.

(By Judge Ladd.)

To the Bible and Tract Society of Brooklyn; Its Most Worthy President, and the Watch Tower of Zion:

Long and patiently have I stood at the gate waiting your pleasure to answer my criticism on your Divine Plan, which, in the long past you so kindly sent me, feeling that I have been neglected, not by reason of any unkindness on your part, but by the decrees of fate over which you have no control, your silence I now acknowledge to be a pleasure, assuming that your gods were most graciously pleased with my criticism and thereby requested that you make no answer, but be content with that which is unanswerable. But your former kindness to me calls for renewed efforts on my part, not only to please your divine pastor but to show to you my appreciation of your favor in sending me your embellished plan, adorned by the crumbling walls of the venerated tower of Zion.

The subject is to great, the tower is so long standing (from all eternity); the plan so just, so merciful, so kind and so human as to be a surprise to the heathen, that all mankind were not swallowed up in that endless Tartarus which Jahveh so graciously created for all but the few—the elect, the offshoots of the followers of the humane Calvin, who, in his tender mercy roasted his friend, Sevetus, a digressing Christian on points of the divine plan, over a slow fire, that his agony might be prolonged in obedience to that sacred plan.

That Divine Plan calls for further comment. A great, farseeing, humane, all-wise, just and merciful creator of worlds in endless space, sits down by his fireside, bows his head in solemn awe, and there, as the first thought and act, even before the creation of a single world, plans for the creation of our little earth, for peopling it with countless billions of human beings; all but Calvins were handful, to be roasted, as Calvin roasted his friend Sevetus, for all eternity in a fire of brimstone. These countless billions to be roasted had no say in the matter for the Divine Plan was foreordained,—

made long before man existed; yes, long ages before the earth was created. Why such a plan? Man had given no offense to god or otherwise, for he had no existence for countless ages before god decreed the plan.

This is the bible doctrine as it has come down to our time from Calvin. It is Calvin's theory, formulated by the rebellious priest of Geneva, into whose keeping Sevetus entrusted, for inspection and approval, a translation of the bible. Instead of approving the translation, Calvin explored Europe, hunted down Sevetus, had him brought to Geneva, where he, the rebel priest, had a fire built of green wood, tied his victim thereon and feasted his eyes on the quivering flesh and charred bones of one of Europe's brightest scholars.

Does any one want to know any more of Calvin and his Divine Plan? It has a long history; nor is the murder of Sevetus his only crime. There are many others, some of them of little less magnitude, but they cannot be gone into here, as magazine space is not at my command.

Calvin, like Luther, was a Catholic priest, no better and no worse than the pope and his statistics at that time; all were barbarians, all bent on ruling, or murdering all who called in question the divine right of the church, the alleged truth of the bible, or any part thereof; or that it was not the work of Jahveh, the god of the Hebrews the Dens Primus of the Christians. From Constantine down to the so-called reformation, the bleaching bones of slaughtered millions, victims of Christianity, the leading scholars of Europe; whitened every hill dale and plane; the most of them terribly mutilated, and tortured before giving up their lives amid fire and smoke which the priesthood gloated in triumph over the terrible scene, nor did this inhuman massacre end with the protest of Calvin and Luther, for it went on, even worse than before. To the slaughter of heretics, the parties went, each with the other in their murders. In the long conflict between the Catholics and Protestants, French Huguenots, millions went down to untimely graves.

Nor did these inhuman sacrifices come to an end until the thinking human element of outraged humanity could endure it no longer; then, led by Atheists (your brethren) who met in secret; laid their plans, (not divine plans) to rouse the sleeping genius,—the intelligence of Europe, to action. It was a bold move; for a time all was in secret; a little later, in disguise the first move was made in Italy under the very nose of the Pontiff, who was so murky in his crimes, that he failed to realize the purport of the move. While he still slept, the clades were brought from their hiding place and translated.

Intellectual freedom perched on every side where thought existed; civil governments were established, most of the officials being Atheists (your brethren). In time, as all know; civil rule took the place of the ecclesiastical power, whose reign of piety, poverty, ignorance and crime was given its death blow from which Christianity is now slowly dying; your Divine Plan still floats, but it has lost its sails, anchor and rudder, and is rapidly drifting on the rocks.

The most of your sailors are now calling on Luther to save them, Calvin and his creed, few in numbers, are on their death bed, given up by all physicians; their fate mourned by the Brooklyn Bible and Tract Society, who are still living in the garden with Adam and Eve, where they hope to sell bibles for a living and thereby avoid the sweat of the brow. As to Luther, like Calvin, he was a rebel, not because he believed his people, could understand the bible, but because he wanted the local revenue, which the people devised him; he knew, as you do, that no two can understand that book, alike, as you state in your Divine Plan tacitly admit by quoting some author who likens the bible to an old fiddle, on which any tune can be played.

Luther's tune is quite different from Calvin's is very old; it takes in only a few, and that few whether they will or want, while Luther gives his people some say in the matter. If they want to go to hell with people of intelligence they can do so, otherwise they can join the general herd of thoughtless Christians, keep their dues paid to the church, and go to heaven without let or hindrance; where they will spend their lives in idleness, singing only of the son, his virgin mother, the bird father and the great Jahveh.

Now dear friends of the Brooklyn Bible and Tract Society, don't you think Luther's plan better than

that divine one fixed up by Calvin? Luther's plan is quite democratic; it gives his people some show, a chance, before condemnation. What a contemptible plan that Zionistic one is; yes—the whole Christian scheme comes little short of idiocy; its leading supporters fit subjects for a lunatic asylum. Constantine after murdering his wife and his whole family, and all other rivals for empire, nicked up despised Christianity and put it on an imperial footing. Thus putting life into the whole thing and thereby enabling it to follow his example and murder all who stood in the churches' way—all dissenters. Thus did the earth become one ghostly slaughter-house. Insanity in the original scheme; followed by two rebels, the one, Calvin, a murderer, the other, only prevented from a like crime by the state, a hater and reviler of men of intelligence.

Thus stands Catholicism and the two original branches of Protestantism. A foundation of criminal lunatics supported by a vast herd of unthinking and weak minded, the descendants of a pigeon and a virgin. Let us count noses. From your Zions tower booklet, sent me by your kindness. I take the following statistics of the religious, world and others.

Heathens, 856 millions; Mohammedans, 179 millions; Jews, 8 millions; Roman Catholics, 100 millions; Protestants, 116 millions; world's population, 1420 millions.

Of this number, the Divine Plan, as you give it, says 1,000,000, we fear would be too liberal an estimate of the little flock—the sanctified in Christ Jesus. The 116 millions put down to the Protestants you say, is far in excess of the true number. "Sixteen millions would, we believe, more nearly express the number of professing church members of adult years." Of the earth's population, the Divine Plan saves only one million out of 1,420,000,000, and this is all Jehovah with his love goodness and mercy could, or saw fit to save, all the rest he created for hell. The 856 millions of heathens have no religion. Here let us pause and ask the reader whether he thinks a live god or any sane man, ever made any such a plan, or any one else not an idiot or lunatic, or, if he believes any sane man, not a devil incarnate, could devise any such a scheme?

That the members of the Brooklyn Bible and Tract Society believe, no such contemptible stuff, is self evident; it is that or it is insanity.

The real, not pretended belief, in one or more intelligent supreme beings is but the result of long habit or weakness of reasoning faculties. Come, let us be honest; let us not try to deceive ourselves, much less others. An honest man is the most luminous star in the heavenly constellation.

Freethought begets reason, reason leads to doubt, doubt the restless child of genius is ever pressing onward for the truth, to attain which, should be the aim of every honest man, when reached the successful chamber like the sun is ever pouring forth his luminous rays to light up the dark pathway of a rising humanity, to engraft on this bland world a more intelligent people, make a happier race. While faith the stupid child of religion, sacrificing the joys and pleasures of this world in the vain search for another after death, gradually sinks into the stagnant pool of superstition to become potters clay to be moulded by the bromless babble of the clergy. Science knows no religion, it has no faith, it deals in solid facts, in matter and force which are the supreme source of a boundless universe, without thought, intelligence or design.

Religion and its gods have ever been a disturbing element in our little world. The old pagan religions born of the zoological primates who lead arborial lives, sat on the tree branches and cracked their nuts with stone hammers were the creators of the first gods, they could not reason, but they had faith that this earth was what it afforded; a bat surface, around which revolved the sparkling light of the sun, moon and stars; all were to this troglodyte so many living beings; the sun at the head; all being personified became gods, before whom this Primate bended the knee in prayer for favors. In this the world got its first gods and the primate his first religion. From this little germ has sprung all the religions of the world. The older religions were too busy in hunting a living, to quarrel over the concerns which effected their gods only, i. e., they trusted their gods to look out for themselves. (See Cicero's comments). So they lived in peace among themselves and their neighbors. But a new era ushered in Christianity was born, an evil day was on; its childhood was rage, and

poverty. Construction in the fourth century of our vulgar era picked up the starving child, gave it a sword, faggots and fire; it grew to manhood, but even when a boy it disagreed, divided into faction, each slaughtering the other to settle the status of these gods, when these quarrels came to an end at the Council of Nicea, 325 Common Era, being united they turned their attention to non-believers, when all Europe, a part of Asia and Africa became the slaughter-house of the world, nor did blood ties, friendship, rank or intelligence stand in the way. The madness of Christianity, knew no bounds; for more than a thousand years the best and purest blood of the three continents went out in rivers. Christianity held the sword, the instrument, which the mythical Christ is made to say he brought, instead of peace. So stands the history of Christianity. United it slaughters unbelievers, divided, the factions slaughter each other.

Now dear friends of the Brooklyn Bible Society, if you entertain the slightest doubt that I am in this matter, in dead earnest, or that I have overstated the facts, I call your attention to the bible itself, especially the Old Testament, showing its fact, its brutality, its vulgarity, and indecency to such an extent as to render it a book not fit to be circulated in respectable, polite society. As to my other statements and my position on Christianity, which is but a digest of the facts, I direct your attention to the science of astronomy, geology, paleontology, anatomy, physiology and other kindred branches of biology, all at war with Christianity.

Also to the higher criticism of the Tubingen School (all its professors Christians) and to the later German criticism, which finds the four epistles spurious, the older school found ten out of the fourteen spurious, as well as every book (?) excepted) of the O. T. and every piece of writing in the N. T.

When I call your attention to the late comicform writings of Babylon, which show the bible stories of creation and the book to be borrowed legends, also retorted by Berossus the Babylonian priest, which had their origin in Akkad of Elom.

To this I call your attention to the religious system of Egypt; to its gods to show that the Christians might have borrowed of that people its story of the miraculous conception, enunciation and birth of the divine child, also its trinity, miracles, casting out of devils and many other Christian tenets. The Persian, Mazion religion I call your attention to, to show where the Bullybut, the satan came from, Ahirina the Persian evil one, once a god, in rebellion, who was cast out of heaven. (See Zarosaster). To Monetho the Egyptian historian, I cite you to prove that the Hebrews were never in Egypt, that the story of Exodus had its source in the expulsion of the Hikkos, who, after five hundred years rule, were driven from the country. Here I cite Gerald Mossey, Rabbi Solomon Schmidler et al to prove the Exodus a romance, Moses the Egyptian god Baachuse, the Greek Dionysus the god of wine.

You will see in Hinder sacred writings and in the life of Buddha almost similar stories as those told of the mythical Christ. Then if you will read the Ruins of Finland you will find an earlier story, how Wammonial was born in a stable, cradled in a manger, as the saviour of his people. In Narse mythology you will find a creation story, a first pair and much else resembling our bible stories. In looking over the sacred history of Greece and Rome, parables to the Christian story will be found abundant. In short with all the pagan peoples, parallels may be found to our gospels. Birth of lesser deities, saviors, etc., by some god in intercourse with a virgin, are very common in pagan mythology; as to trinites and the class, the pagans possessed them everywhere, even in their lesser states, miracles everywhere. From the several pagan peoples, may have come any or all the stories of the mythical Christ. Not one thing except its intolerance and murders has Christianity got today, that the pagans did not possess, all comes sifted through Grecian sources, led by Plato, later by Philo the Jew.

As to the origin of the bible, its numerous books and other writings, its several purported authors, see the criticisms and numerous other writers, also my book, "Emesis to Revelation," where every book and other writing in the bible has come under view and the numerous authors cited showing all to be spurious. That the Christ was a myth, the evidence is overwhelming; the most complete showing ever offered has been credited to my writings.

For a full showing of the life of Christianity, read the history of its birth and early life, to learn that it is the successor of the Therapists and Essenes, two societies of Nermits who lived, the one near lake Neriotas in Africa, the other on the shores of the Dead Sea, both fully organized and in working order more than one hundred and fifty years before the time assigned to Christ. In all their practices they were the same as the Christians. In short they were the first Christians. About 120 of our era they were lost to history, when Christianity, under that name first appeared to the world.

From that time to the fourth century they were almost constantly engaged in slaughtering each other over the most trivial doctrinal points. From the fourth century, when in power under Constine, they having settled their own quarrels, turned their vials of wrath on unbelievers when for more than a thousand years, all Christendom became a boiling caldron of fire and death, in which millions of lives were sacrificed to satisfy the maddened, blind fury of the church; for a thousand years all Christendom became a vast slaughter-house, with the pope and his priests directing, the carnage, friends and foes alike went down to death, no eminence in life or blood ties stood in the way. Death to all unbelievers went up from Rome, the more severe the torture the more was Christ glorified. This was the ripe fruit of Christianity, the natural and inevitable result of the teachings of the bible, the book you are now forcing on the world, as your predecessors forced Christianity.

To read the history of Christianity is enough to chill the blood in one's veins. When you have read all this, put a drop in the bucket of Christian criminality, then turn to the several church councils, especially to that of Nice 325, for a history of the disgraceful, fraudulent and criminal proceedings therein, which gave to the world the Christian creed, the canon and the mythical Christ, but the story is too long to be repeated here, as it took the priesthood more than fifteen hundred years to make it, and cover their Christian forgeries, the most of which have been unearthed and put on exhibition for the benefit of mankind, and to aid the Brooklyn Society in selling bibles.

Now dear friends, this record was all made before your day, you were not in it, or a party to it, so not at fault. If it is a bad showing, don't blame me, but charge it up to the account of Christianity.

The source of the N. T. writings and how they became recognized, is too long a story to be repeated here. Before I else let me call your attention to the Christians at this time. They may be divided as follows: The real genuine believers is weak and stupid, his reasoning faculties, if not petrified, are too low to be of any use, his religion rests on faith; he inhales it from his priest. Then we have a large class of nominal Christians, men and women who are indifferent. They nominally acquiesce in it, because it is about them and is popular in every day life. The third class is made up of business men, they are better educated than the second class. They are in it as a business proposition, it helps trade. In this class we have some writers, men of ability. They turn a listening ear to it to sell their writings, though they are in fact unbelievers.

The fourth class is layety, clergymen, many of them men of learning, others as stupid as the first class, but all alike are in the swim, for a living, and because of its once popularity and influence. This class is not in love with truth, they must have support and are not over anxious how they get it, truth or falsehood, so the desired end is reached. At present, in the decline of Christianity, the loss of prestige and the shrinkage of revenue has forced them to adopt new plans, deny their past history, falsify and twist their bible stories, deny plain truths, to hold the less intelligent, appeal to the better class not to desert them in this trying hour.

The Christian devil has become unpopular, the more intelligent of the clerics, have dropped him, while the less learned keep him to frighten the weak minded; for this purpose he has been the principal support to Christianity.

Now dear friends, if you think you can successfully controvert my position, the field is an open one, and your lance will meet my approval.

Let us rejoice that we are living in an age of reason, progress, growing intelligence and humanity; the age of faith, Christian ignorance, piety and crime is passing away. Christianity are long to sleep with paganism in one common grave. Alameda, California.

GREAT RARITY.

She was young and romantic, and when she visited Arizona she was fascinated with the wild scenery.

"You have some wonderful sights out here," she remarked, as she stepped from the stage coach.

"Yes, miss," drawled Amber Pete, the mayor of Eagle Eye settlement, "but you'll have to go on the other side of the town to see the rarest sight of all."

The eastern girl was all enthusiasm. "Ah, towering peaks scintillating in the last rays of the sun, or mighty cascades where rainbow waters gush all through the green rocks?"

Amber Pete shook his head. "No, lady, that ain't nothing rare or wonderful in such sights as them. I was alluding to a Chinaman with whiskers. He runs a laundry down the way and he's the only Chinese with whiskers in seven states."

Frightened Off.

A Washington car conductor, born in London and still a cockney, has succeeded in extracting thrills from the alphabet—imparting excitement to the names of the national capital's streets. On a recent Sunday morning he was calling the streets thus:

"Haltch!"
"High!"
"Jay!"
"Kay!"
"Hell!"

At this point three prim ladies picked up their prayerbooks and left the car.—Lippincott's.

That Kind of Mystery.

"You need a big mystery in your play to make it go. The public demands it. Something that'll keep 'em guessing."

"What kind of mystery?"
"Something deep and awful. Something as fascinating as the dramatic mystery that surrounds the pitcher and catcher when they meet on the field during the game and confer in awful whispers."

Falling Sight.

"I guess that awfully rightsighted feller that calls on sis is getting worse," said Jimmie, aged twelve.

"That's just enough from you, Jim," said the indignant girl.

"What makes you think he is getting worse, James," inquired his father.

"Cause I heard Sis ask him las' night if he thought she was the blarney stone."

DISAPPOINTED.



First Tramp—Bowery Staggers fell off de excursion boat—somebody threw him an empty beer keg.

Second Tramp—Did he grab it?

First Tramp—He did; but when he found dere wuz nothing in it to sustain him he let go and drowned.

The Poet's Version.

The earth would be like heaven above
And always fair and sunny
If we could clip the wings of love—
Likewise the wings of money.

Her Dearest Pets.

"I have a heart-rending scene in my new drama."

"How now?"

"The heroine is in such reduced circumstances that she has to cook the canary."

"Sad, sad."

"But the worst is yet to come. She has to build the fire with the rubber plant."

Advertising.

"Why do you persist on making speeches on the unpopular side of a subject?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "the people see so many arguments on the right side of a question that the only way to get a reputation for sensational originality is to contradict them."

Another Theory.

"How do you explain this charge that beef magnates sell their product abroad cheaper than at home?"

"Patriotism," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "They believe that a nation of meat eaters is likely to be at a disadvantage in the event of any conflict."

The New Literary Field.

"Who's that billionaire with the big touring car and the two extra tires?"

"That's Tennyson Blinks. He's the fellow who invents the personal and private memoirs of the world's great feather weights."

In Doubt.

"How's your garden getting along?"
"I can't tell. If those green things that are up are radishes, it's great, but if they're weeds it's going to be a failure."